



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

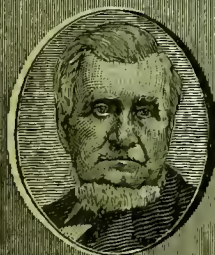
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

city
Woodruff Pres. W.
box B



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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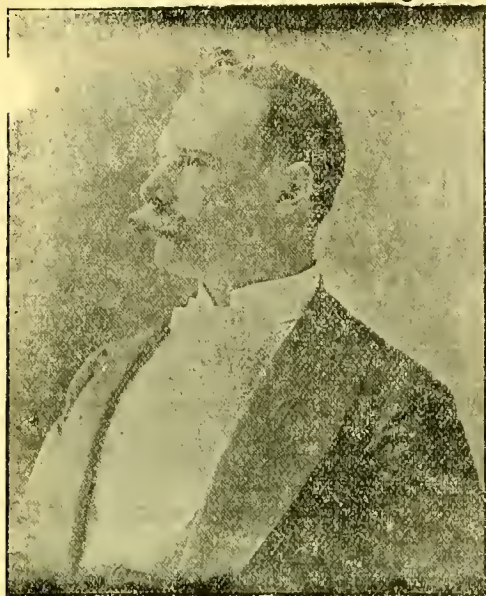
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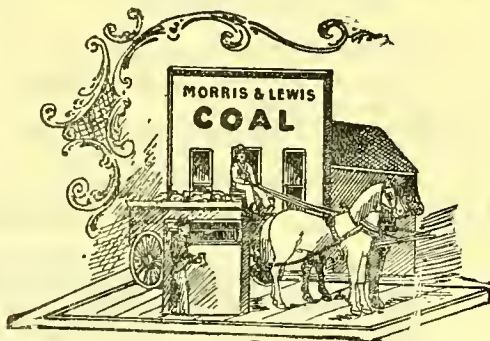
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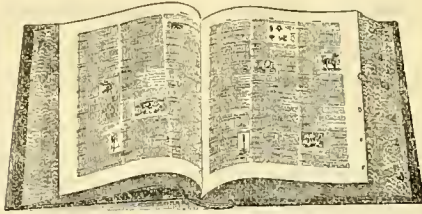
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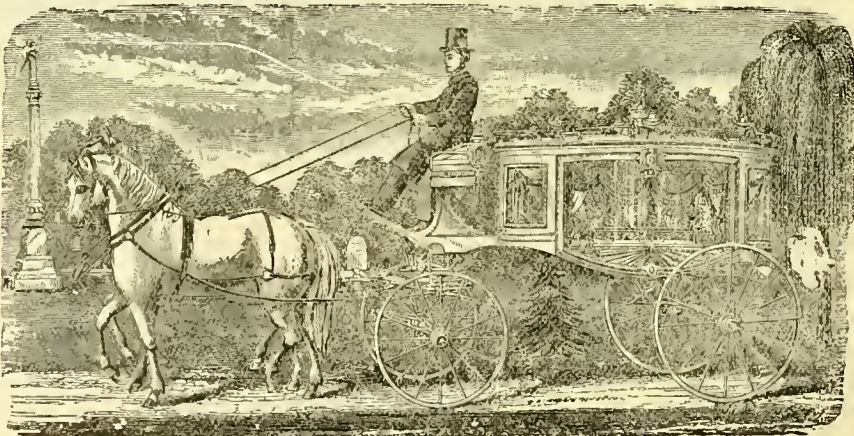
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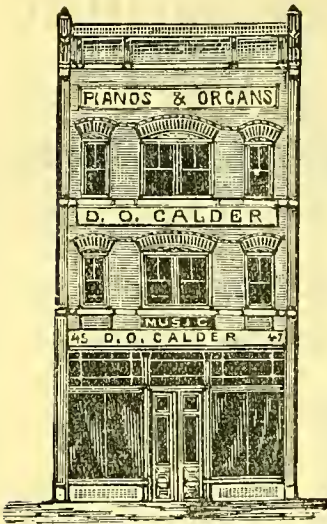
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

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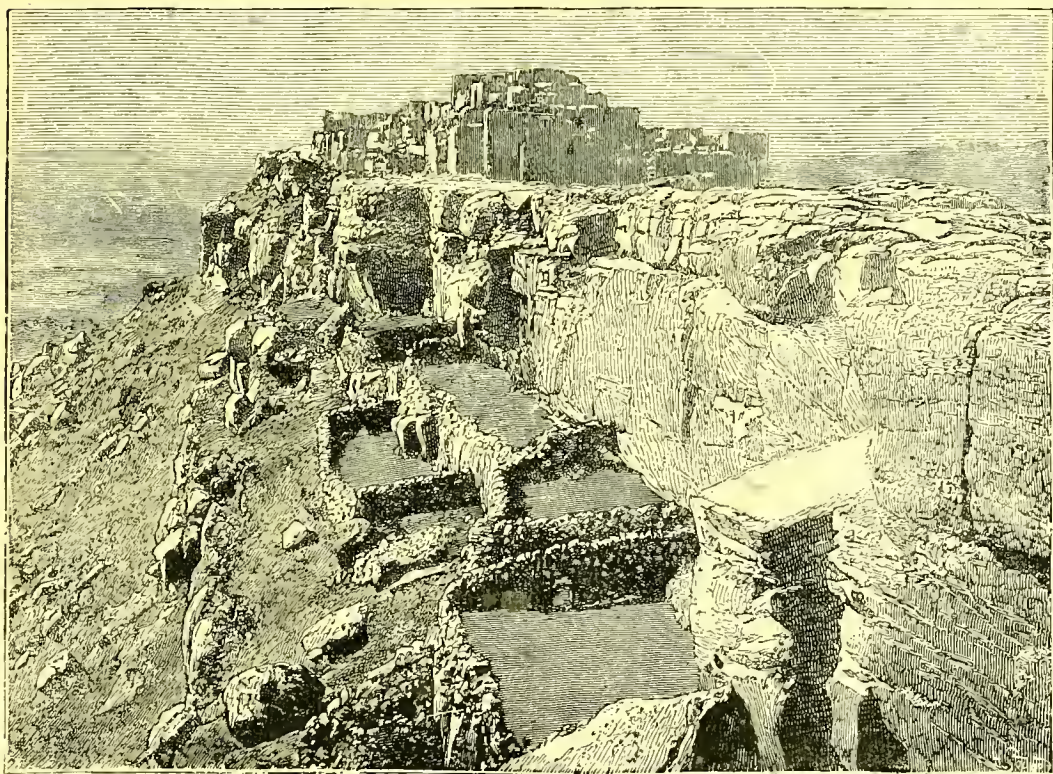
SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1896.

No. 14.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

THERE is something very wonderful about the particular race or tribe of people who built and inhabited dwell-

and are in possession of but scanty relics from which to draw an intelligible account of their origin or the causes that led to their strange customs. As



CLIFF DWELLINGS.

ings such as the artist has depicted in the accompanying illustration. So far as known, however, they have left no records, have preserved few traditions,

to their beginning, we Latter-day Saints have the knowledge which the Book of Mormon gives concerning the settlement of this continent by the family of Lehi,

the progenitor of the aborigines of America; and while many centuries have passed since that record closed, and many important events affecting the habits and conditions of the people must have occurred in the meantime, we are still highly favored in possessing a sure foundation upon which to establish further researches and by which to test the various theories that scientists and travelers may have to offer.

As to these cliff-dwelling folk, and their peculiar style of domicile, it seems probable that in their outset they were weaker than other peoples into whose midst they came or who invaded their section of country; and that they resorted to these cliff houses for defense against, or escape from, more powerful neighbors. Or they may have been a robber race, retreating to these fastnesses after their marauding expeditions. Some of their villages which have in recent years been opened and cleared, are found to be in an excellent state of preservation and would appear to have been admirably adapted for the purposes named. There are villages of this sort which are still inhabited, as has been many times narrated in previous volumes of the INSTRUCTOR. Some settlements of our people in south-eastern Utah as well as in New Mexico and Arizona are not far removed from ruins closely resembling those given in the picture; and in the same vicinity are usually found ancient places of sepulcher from which mummies, pottery and various relics of an extinct people are obtained. It is noticeable, too, that near many of these cliff dwellings are found the ruins of valley, village, or fortress, as if the people may have previously lived therein but had been driven out or had fled to the more inaccessible places under the shadows of the precipitous rocks. The writer,

during a recent journey through some of the canyons or "washes" in southeastern Utah, observed and counted scores of little caves under the overhanging cliffs, the front being entirely walled up with well-laid masonry, except a small square aperture near the center of the face of the wall. No one seems to know just what these small chambers were used for. There are no mummies or anything to indicate that they were employed as burial places, nor are they generally located at commanding points for observation, as would be the case if they were intended for watch-towers. They are too small for a house, though in some of them there are evidences of fire and smoke. One theory is that they were used as little granaries or storehouses; and another is—attempting an explanation of the fire referred to—that they may have been used as places of sacrifice. C.

FREE AGENCY, OR DISCIPLINE.

A Dialogue.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 34.)

(Home of Dora. Dora sitting at table.)

DORA: Three years since I left school!

How time flies! It is so much pleasanter to be at home with papa and mamma. Then there are all the balls and receptions, which are so delightful. Yet there was much that was pleasant at school. For instance, some of my schoolmates were very nice. There were Blanche Redington and Mildred Carrington; and that reminds me that I will soon hear from them; that is, if they remain true to their promise. What a sweet girl Mildred was—always so thoughtful and kind; and Blanche was a good girl, although very set in

her way, I suppose one might call it. (*Pompey enters.*) Ah! what have you here? A bouquet of flowers.

POMPEY: Yes, Miss Dora, a gentleman as called to de door and says as to hand dis to Miss Dora, with best—(*scratching his head*)—oh, now Ise got it, recommendation. I fout dis here head wouldn't forsake dis here chile.

DORA: No, no, Pompey, you mean he sent the bouquet with compliments.

POMPEY: Ah, yes, Miss Dora, with the very best of complitants (*making a deep bow*).

DORA: Now you may go, Pompey; I will ring when you are wanted.

(*Pompey starts to leave the room then turns saying*)

POMPEY: Say, Miss Dora, if any more gentleman send any more recommenations—best accomplishments—shall I bring dem in?

DORA: Yes, Pompey. Now please go. (*Exit Pompey.*) What a Pompey, yet I cannot get angry at his stupidity, as he is always so prompt, always to be depended upon. But what lovely flowers, and from whom? Ah! from Hugh Norton (*humming a tune*). But what am I to do? What a predicament I am in to be sure. It was only this evening that I received a letter amounting to the same thing from Mr. Percy. I think papa and mamma prefer Mr. Norton; I myself believe him to be good and true; I am quite certain he would stoop to no low, mean act. He is not quite as brilliant in manner or as handsome in appearance as Mr. Percy. They say all that glitters is not gold. Still I cannot think any evil of Mr. Percy.

(*Enters Pompey.*)

POMPEY: Here I is, Miss Dora, wis moer mial.

DORA: Ah, two letters!

POMPEY: Yes, Miss, no best complements or spects dis time. (*Exit Pompey.*)

DORA: I believe this one is from dearest Mildred. Let me see what she says.

(*Reads letter.*)

DORA: What a sweet letter! It almost seems like Mildred herself was present. But I must look at the other. Why, as I live, I believe it is from Blanche. Yes, it is, but it has been delayed for days. It looks as though fate had decreed that I should get both at once.

(*Reads the letter.*)

DORA: How sad! I hope she will come. I will try to make her as happy as possible. I think I can expect her any moment, for this has been so long delayed. Oh, I have an idea (*clasping her hands*)! I will send for Mildred and husband to come and make me a visit directly, as it will be so much pleasanter for poor Blanche.

(*Enters Pompey.*)

POMPEY: There is a lady which wishes ter see you, Miss Dora. She didn't send any polishments or circumspects nether.

DORA: But, Pompey, did she not send a name?

POMPEY: Indeed, Miss Dora, it kinder 'pears to me, Miss Dora, it sounds like Widdingham, or some sich name an missus, 'pears to me by 'pearance she don't belong to the class that sends specs.

DORA: Go, Pompey, and bring the lady in instantly. (*Exit Pompey. Dora calls after*): Mind, Pompey, and be very respectful to the lady, as she is a dear friend of mine.

POMPEY (*from outside*): Zackly, miss.

DORA (*pacing the room*): I once said that these two girls' experience might

be the means of directing me to do what is right. But here comes Blanche.

(Enters Pompey with Blanche.)

DORA: Why, Blanche!

BLANCHE: Dora!

DORA: I am glad you came. How wan and pale you look!

BLANCHE: What! glad to receive such a desolate creature as I am?

DORA: Indeed, Blanche, you are more than welcome. Just stay and make it your home as long as it is a pleasure to you. I will show you your room, that you may refresh yourself and rest before tea.

(Exit Blanche and Dora.)

SCENE V.

(Dora and Blanche seated together.)

BLANCHE: So you have two lovers, Dora?

DORA: Yes, and it is nothing particularly desirable; that is, when one does not now her own mind. However, I think papa and mamma prefer this Mr. Norton, I have been telling you about. I am half-inclined, as much as I respect him, to think that I prefer Mr. Percy.

BLANCHE: Take lesson, Dora, from my unhappy experience and do not take a rash step.

DORA: I have been thinking it all over, and I wish I could hit upon some plan that I might see something of their home life—something besides their society manners. I am half-inclined, in fact resolved, to try a plan that I have been thinking of, but you must promise secrecy before I can tell you.

BLANCHE: I feel safe to promise, for I do not think you would commit a rash act.

DORA: Oh, no; and it will not involve anyone but myself. It is this: just simply disguise myself as an old washer-woman, and visit each of them. It

would be capital fun, and besides I would be enabled to see which of them, if either, is a true gentleman.

BLANCHE: As far as I can see, it will be a capital plan.

(Enters Pompey.)

POMPEY: There is a gentleman as wants ter see you. *(Stands waiting)*

BLANCHE: I will go to my room, as I have some writing to do this evening, and you will not miss me, as your time will be pleasantly occupied. Good evening, Dora.

DORA: Good evening, Blanche. Show the gentleman in, Pompey.

(Servant enters with Mr. Norton.)

MR. NORTON: Good evening, Miss Dayne. I am afraid my visit is a little unexpected. I could not wait longer without learning if there was any hopes for me concerning the question of my love for you. *(Taking her by the hand and leading her to a seat.)*

DORA: Oh, Mr. Norton, I have not had time to dwell upon that subject yet.

MR. NORTON: But, Dora, you can at least inform me if there is the least shadow of a hope.

DORA: Papa and mamma look upon you quite favorably, but as for myself I—I really do not know the state of my own mind yet.

MR. NORTON: I thank you, Miss Dora, for your candor, and in the meantime I will wait patiently. When do you think I may expect a decided answer?

DORA: About, say Wednesday next.

MR. NORTON: There is one more question I would like to ask before I take my leave. Is there another gentleman in the way, or rather, one that makes it more difficult for you to choose?

DORA: Frankly, Mr. Norton, there is; but this will make no difference, as I shall marry the man I love, and also I

shall try to choose the man I know that my parents approve.

MR. NORTON: Well, Miss Dora, I will not detain you longer this evening. I will bid you good evening until the appointed time arrives. (*Exit Mr. Norton.*)

DORA: How good and noble he seems. I really do admire him very much, but——

(*Enters Pompey.*)

POMPEY: There is another gentleman as wants ter see you.

(*Mr. Percy follows in.*)

DORA: Good evening, Mr. Percy. Please be seated.

MR. PERCY: I shall not detain you long this evening. I suppose you understand the nature of my errand here?

(*Dora bows assent without looking up.*)

MR. PERCY: Am I doomed to be disappointed?

DORA: I really cannot tell you yet. You will have to give me time, say, until Wednesday next.

MR. PERCY: Is there an objection to me?

DORA: As you have asked me the plain question, much as it pains me to do so, I will have to inform you that my parents do not look upon you favorably at present.

MR. PERCY: But surely Miss Dayne, Dora, you will not let this trifling matter stand in the way of my happiness?

DORA: I cannot tell what I will do yet. You must wait until the appointed time for my answer.

MR. PERCY: If you could return my love for you and wed me, you might be assured that in time they would be only too glad to welcome you home again. Come, dearest, will you promise?

DORA: Oh, Reginald—Mr. Percy—I think I love you, but give me time to think it all over.

MR. PERCY: Very well, dearest—excuse the term; I will try to wait patiently, but do not let this mistaken idea of honor ruin our happiness.

DORA: I do not think I will ever marry without my parents' consent. The experience of two school-girl friends of mine have taught me.

MR. PERCY: I will go, hoping to receive a favorable answer when I call. Adieu, my sweet one. (*Exit Mr. Percy.*)

DORA: I am so glad they are gone. I must retire now. (*Curtain falls. Exit Dora.*)

SCENE VI.

(*Mr. Norton's room; he is sitting reading. Knock at the door. Mr. Norton arises and opens the door.*)

MR. NORTON: Good evening, my good woman, come in, while you state your errand, you look tired. Let me relieve you of those heavy bundles.

OLD WOMAN: Thank you, young man, I am only a poor old washer-woman going home with some work, and hearing as there was a gentleman as stayed here, I thought as the likes of ye might have some work for me in the line of washing and cleaning.

MR. NORTON: Be seated, my good woman, while we come to business. You are alone, I take it for granted.

OLD WOMAN: Yes, sir, all alone. My husband died in the last war, and my son James soon after.

MR. NORTON: How very sad; but I will endeavor to do all I can for you, and when you are in need, call again. I have a washer-woman at present, therefore with honor I could not give the work to another.

OLD WOMAN: Thank ye, sir. May blessings from heaven attend you in all you undertake.

MR. NORTON: Good evening, aunty.

OLD WOMAN (*hobbling out*): Good evening, sir.

Mr. Percy's room. Three or four young men seated around a table with bottles and cards. Room in great disorder. Knock at the door.)

MR. PERCY: Come in.

(*Old woman enters timidly.*)

MR. PERCY (*in a loud voice*): Well, old witch, who are you and what do you want?

(*Old woman can't speak.*)

MR. PERCY: Come, come, old hag, what do you want? By Jove, I'll soon teach you to stand there like a mummy.

OLD WOMAN (*timidly*): I only came to get work, sir.

MR. PERCY: Oh, the devil, if that is all, the sooner you get yourself off the better. I have no time to bother with such as you.

OLD WOMAN (*going out backward raising a warning finger and speaking in a warning tone*): All's well that ends well. (*Curtain falls.*)

(*Curtain raises disclosing Dora, Mildred and her husband.*)

DORA: I am so glad you received my telegram and came quickly. Papa and mamma are at Newport for their health, and poor Blanche has come. I thought it would be a treat for all.

MILDRED: Indeed, Dora, I was overjoyed at the thought of meeting you again. What a fine time we will have talking over our school days together!

DORA: Ah, here comes Blanche.

(*At this moment Pompey enters announcing two gentleman.*)

DORA: Show them in, Pompey. (*Aside*): What am I to do? Both come at once.

(*They enter. Dora advances to speak to them. Blanche and Mr. Foot's, alias Mr. Percy's, eyes meet. She screams.*)

BLANCHE: So you are here, you

fiend incarnate, you demon in human form; and so it is you that, not content in running my life, not content that you misused and drove one wife from your door, not content that you were the means of aiding me to drive my dear, kind parents to an early grave, you who should have helped me to support them, not content with all this, you come here to wreck another home; but, miserable wretch that you are, you have been foiled. Do you remember the curse I hurled at you at parting? Do you remember that old woman visting you the other night? I can see by your looks that you do. Well, then, know that old woman was none other but the pure, sweet girl you were trying to wed. What do you think of that? (*Turning to Dora.*) What have you to say to this fiend?

DORA: What have I to say? Go, villain, go; for had I not found out that you were another woman's husband, the scene I witnessed the other night sealed your fate. I should never have married you. Go, I say, go. Pompey, show this man to the door, and may you never darken the door of this house again.

(*Dora turns to Mr. Norton.*)

DORA: Can you forgive me my little piece of acting, for I was that old woman you were so kind to the other night?

MR. NORTON: Need you ask, Dora (*taking her hand*)? Nothing can change my love for you.

DORA: Then I may tell you that as soon as you gain my parents' consent you have mine.

MR. NORTON: You make me very happy, Dora. I shall see the earliest opportunity of gaining their consent.

DORA: But, Hugh, let me introduce you to some friends who have been

spectators and unwilling listeners to our little by-play. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, Mr. Norton; also Mrs. Foot. These two ladies were dear old schoolmates of mine, and have greatly assisted in showing me which was right, free agency or discipline. Let us all go to lunch.

(Exeunt. Curtain falls.)

Ida Haag.

WOODLAND, SUMMIT CO.

IN EARLY DAYS.

IN the year 1851 the Mormon emigration from Iowa was large. The counsel of the First Presidency was for all the Saints that could to emigrate to Salt Lake Valley.

I was very anxious to get to the gathering place of the Saints, and accordingly engaged to drive team across the plains for Mr. Middleton, of St. Joseph. He appeared to be furnishing the cattle to haul the goods for Mr. Reese of Salt Lake City. A Mr. Horner was captain of the company; Oscar Middleton and James Monroe were in the company. Bethlehem was the place in Iowa where we crossed the Missouri River. About the first of July we commenced our journey across the plains. West of Fort Kearney we first saw the buffalo. The country in the distance appeared like a forest of timber. I think we saw twenty thousand in one day. Nothing of very material interest occurred on our journey, except breaking of wagons and cattle becoming tender-footed, till we arrived at Yellow Creek, where James Munroe was killed by Howard Egan for the seduction of Egan's wife. From Yellow Creek on the scenery was very attractive—Echo Canyon, Weber River, the crossings of East Canyon Creek, the Big Mountain,

from whose top we could get a glimpse of Salt Lake Valley; descending this rugged mountain, passing through a little valley, then ascending the Little Mountain, passing down Emigration Canyon, and the Salt Lake Valley was in sight.

How beautiful Salt Lake City appeared after crossing the plains. Here we met acquaintances and were greeted with kindness. I was now looking for something to do. After my arrival in the city I met an acquaintance on Main Street, who asked what I was thinking of doing. I had but little thoughts of the future just then. Said he, "Come across the street and see our Bishop." This was N. V. Jones, of the Fifteenth Ward. He introduced me to Brother Jones and told my business. Said Brother Jones, "My brother-in-law, Robert Burton, wants a hand." This brother took me to Brother Burton's and I engaged to work for him, and went there the next day. This was the latter part of September, 1851.

The next Sunday I went to meeting in the old Bowery, and for the first time I saw Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and other leading members of the Church. I was delighted with our leaders and their teachings. I felt at home. This was the place I had been so anxious to see since I first heard of the doctrine of the gathering.

I labored till winter, when I thought of school. I believed learning would do me more good than real or personal property. So one day I visited the University of Deseret. This was a small adobe building in the Thirteenth Ward. Orson Spencer was chancellor and one of the teachers. The terms were five dollars a quarter. Books were hard to get. I had been standing guard for two nights over some New

Mexicans and Indians in the house of S. M. Blair, and for this I received two dollars. I bought a McGuffey's Fifth Reader at Livingston & Kinkead's. I had a grammar and an arithmetic, and Brother Burton furnished me a slate, on which I put a frame. I had a small piece of slate pencil, and Robert Sharkey made me a pencil-holder of a piece of tin. I was now equipped for study. I was pleased with my teachers. In addition to the chancellor, we had W. W. Phelps, one of the regents, as teacher.

Brothers Spencer and Phelps were members of the Legislature of Utah, and occasionally were absent from school, and in their absence Jesse W. Fox and Jesse Haven often supplied their places. All of these men as teachers were earnest, and I now revere their memories for the good they did for me and others in the old adobe building in the Thirteenth Ward, Salt Lake City.

In the early settlement of Utah, Brigham Young and his co-religionists were earnest advocates of education. George A. Smith and Albert Carrington delivered lectures to us in the Thirteenth Ward Schoolroom, which left a lasting impression on my mind.

During the winter I improved myself in arithmetic and grammar; my reading was better, and I advanced in general information. Among my schoolmates were J. A. Hunt, John Woolley, F. B. Woolley, O. Pratt, Jun., A. Appleby, Geo. J. and Joseph Taylor, Adam Spiers, Howard and Geo. Spencer, Steve Moore, Geo. Quince, Frank Knowlton, Sam and W. W. Riter, John Leonard, and others of the young men; Martha Van Cott, M. A. Taylor, Mary Moore, Catherine Spencer, and others of the Young ladies. Friendships formed

in the schoolroom are sometimes very lasting, and I think with pleasure of conversations we then had with each other. One I distinctly remember with F. B. Woolley about reading the Book of Mormon through. I remember saying, "Frank, we may be called on missions some day, and people will enquire, 'Have you read the Book of Mormon?'"

I commenced that winter, and read the Book through for the first time. The pleasant times I had in meetings, in associations, and in various ways with the members of our Church forms pleasing reminiscences of days never to be forgotten.

What changes have transpired in the past! The great progress made in over forty years in this inter-mountain region has stamped upon the face of the country something that is durable for good.

How well I remember the road to the big field, to Chase's mill, to Neff's mill, and other places, and the improvements in this respect. But I see changes also in other respects. The saloon and other bad places were then unknown, and profanity was not heard. The early leaders are passing away, and pioneers are getting scarce. But the great future is before us, and the teachings of our leaders given in early days will bear fruit, and the results for good will last forever.

Wm. Woodward.

WE may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

WE must all receive and learn both from those who were before us and from those who are with us. Even the greatest genius would not go far if he tried to owe everything to his own internal self.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

POLYNESIAN MISSIONARIES' REUNION.

ONE of the most delightful gatherings which it has been the editor's privilege of attending was the meeting of the Polynesian missionaries at Calder's Park, on June 5th. A committee had been appointed, consisting of representatives of each mission—Sandwich Islands, Samoan, Tongan, Society Islands and New Zealand—and this committee arranged a program of entertainment, and all the missionaries who had ever labored on any of these groups of islands were invited, with their families, to attend. It was arranged that lunch should be taken at twelve o'clock. The residents of Salt Lake City were invited to bring sufficient food for themselves and for visitors from distant places. The meal was enjoyed, and the association was very pleasant, as many fellow-laborers met on the occasion who had not been brought closely in contact with each other for many years. It furnished an opportunity to renew old acquaintanceships, and to revive many delightful memories of past labors and toils in the missionary field. Such an occasion naturally leads those who participate in it to indulge in reminiscences, and the bonds of friendship and love are brightened. President Woodruff could not forego the pleasure of being present, and President Joseph F. Smith and the editor, both having been missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, were also present.

At three o'clock the whole company assembled in the pavilion, and a program which had been prepared by the committee was then carried out, much to the delight of the entire audience. The exercises were of a most interesting character, from the fact that not only were many customs of the various islanders depicted and explained, but each set of missionaries used the language of the group where they had labored. There were five different Polynesian languages spoken, and with a fluency that would have been in any other class of people very surprising.

There are no missionaries that go to foreign lands who acquire foreign languages with the facility and the correctness that the Elders of our Church do. Our method of acquiring languages is becoming the popular method at the present time, even among the learned; that is, to learn the language as children learn their mother tongue, and without depending too much on books. On the Sandwich Islands, when our missionaries first went there, they created a great surprise among the natives and many of the white people because of the readiness with which they acquired the native language, learning to speak it with the correct accent, and acquiring even the tone of voice which the natives themselves used. They lived with the people, and did not hold themselves aloof from them as missionaries of other denominations did. By doing this they acquired all their idioms; yet, at the same time, they maintained that dignity and self-respect and proper demeanor as to set a correct example to the natives, not descending in the least to their low ways. It is by taking this course that the missionaries who have been sent to the Polynesian Islands have been so successful in acquiring the different lan-

guages and in converting the people. Of course, no Elder who takes the right view of the success that may have attended his labors can fail to give glory to the Lord; for by means of the gift of tongues and the gift of interpretation of tongues, which He has bestowed in answer to prayer, the Elders have been able to acquire the languages as no other white men have.

While there was only a partial representation of the Elders who have labored in these fields present on this occasion, yet it was thought that it might be interesting to know how many missionaries there were in attendance, and the following is the result:

Sandwich Islands missionaries	34
Samoa Islands	16
Tonga	2
Society Islands	3
New Zealand	31

Total..... 86

Probably such a sight as was witnessed that day could not be found anywhere else on the face of the globe—eighty-six missionaries in a congregation of less than a thousand souls. There is no missionary society in the world that could have furnished such a gathering as was there, and we have no doubt it gladdened the hearts of all present to enjoy the spirit of that occasion and to witness, even on so small a scale, the great work that is being done by the Elders of this Church in spreading the Gospel.

There is no community to be found on the earth where the entire population, it may be said,—that is, the male members of the Church,—hold themselves in readiness to respond to a call to go on a mission. It is true that perhaps all our young people do not have

this willingness to respond to a call to preach the Gospel; but if there are any with this feeling, they are the exceptions. The young men generally, and their parents and relatives, esteem it an honor to be called to go on a mission, and this feeling is promoted by the grand results which are witnessed in the character and demeanor and progress of the young men who return from filling faithful missions.

A very little reflection must impress everyone with the excellent results that must follow the training of so many young men in the ministry, and the great advantage which their experience in traveling in foreign lands must give them on their return home. There are few wards or settlements in this entire inter-mountain region where Latter-day Saints live which do not have the presence of young men who have had this experience to which we refer; and everyone who has traveled knows what the effect of travel is upon himself, and how it enlarges the mind and broadens the view, and gives truer conceptions of life.

Such gatherings as this to which we refer cannot fail to be attended with good effects. What a gathering there would be if all the missionaries who had ever labored in Great Britain were to come together! Or all who had labored in the Southern States, or in the Scandinavian Mission, or in the German Mission! The spectacle would be unique. Nothing like it could be seen anywhere else.

THE only way to have a friend is to be one.

A GOOD horse should be seldom spurred.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 390.)

IN connection with this, we call attention to another very important statement, to wit: a mighty angel had descended from heaven and he had rolled away the great stone, regardless of the seals that had been placed upon it and the guard that was placed to prevent any attempt upon the sepulchre. "The countenance of this personage was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow; and for fear of him the keepers did shake and became as dead men."

Who was this mighty and glorious being? and was it necessary that he should assist in the resurrection of the Lord, who had declared that, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." (*John x: 17-18.*)

Did this glorious and mighty angel of the Lord belong to the common class of celestial beings, or did he belong to a higher order, since he is called the Angel of the Lord? He may even have been the archangel Michael himself that was thus honored in assisting the Savior of the world in His victorious exit from the grave, as this was the first bodily resurrection of the human race.

We are, however, left to conjecture about the name and individuality of that personage, and must wait till the Lord sees proper to reveal it. There are some persons who think that he was the Eternal Father Himself, because Paul, referring to the resurrection, in speaking about baptism, says that "Christ was raised up from the dead by the

glory of the Father (*Rom. vi: 4*), and we cannot find any very strong arguments in opposition to such a view. To the contrary, it would be in perfect harmony with other incidents of the Savior's life; for the Father was present and expressed His satisfaction with the Savior's baptism, and declared on that occasion by his own voice from heaven, "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (*Matt. iii: 17.*) Also on other occasions did the Eternal Father show His interest in His beloved Son (see *Luke ix: 35* and *John xii: 28*), and made known His pleasure in His beloved Son; why not then think that the Father also would take an active part in the crowning event of His Son's mission on this earth? But also as an administrative act, it seems to be not only consistent, but necessary, as all the ordinances pertaining to the salvation and exaltation of the human family are administered by some individual with the proper authority; and the Savior did not refuse to comply with any of them, even from circumcision to the passover, according to the law of Moses, and even when John the Baptist humbly pled, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest thou to me?" And Jesus answering said unto him, "Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." (*Matt. iii: 14-15.*) Paul says about the administrative authority, "And without all contradiction, the less is blessed by the greater." (*Heb. vii: 7*); and Jesus did only acknowledge one to be greater than Himself—the Father. It is, furthermore, in the most beautiful harmony with the patriarchal order, which is the fundamental principle underlying the government of God in all its departments, both in heaven and on earth.

Now, if the circumstances associated

with the resurrection of our Savior form a pattern for all subsequent³ resurrections, then we must expect that all men will obtain their resurrection in a similar manner, by being administered to by some immortal being with authority and power to call the crumbling dust from the grave; but all men will not be resurrected at the same time. There will be appointed times for the resurrection of the various classes of the human family, according to their merits, based upon their individual conduct while in this mortal state. "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then He shall reward every man according to his works. (*Matt. xvi: 27.*) "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." (*Dan. xii: 2.*) Paul says: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; but every man in his own order." (*I. Cor. xv: 22-23.*) By reading further on in the same chapter, we will find that Paul did believe in the patriarchal order in connection with the resurrection, and says: "And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all. (*I. Cor. xv: 28.*)

With regard to the resurrection of the dead, we find in the Book of Mormon some very clear and interesting statements about successive resurrections—based upon the merits of the departed, as well as other circumstances connected with man's existence in this mortal probation. This being in such perfect accord with the statements contained in the Bible upon this subject, we give it here in full, as it is so plainly stated that it throws a great deal of

light upon other passages of scripture, which we propose to use.

The prophet Alma writes to his son Corianton thus:

"Now, my son, here is somewhat more I would say unto thee; for I perceive that thy mind is worried concerning the resurrection of the dead.

"Behold, I say unto you, that there is no resurrection or, I would say, in other words, that this mortal does not put on immortality; this corruption does not put on incorruption, until after the coming of Christ.

"Behold, He bringeth to pass the resurrection of the dead. But behold, my son, the resurrection is not yet. Now I unfold unto you a mystery; nevertheless, there are many mysteries, which are kept, that no one knoweth them, save God Himself. But I shew unto you one thing, which I have inquired diligently of God, that I might know; that is concerning the resurrection.

"Behold, there is a time appointed that all shall come forth from the dead. Now when this time cometh, no one knows; but God knoweth the time which is appointed.

"Now whether there shall be one time, or a second time, or a third time, that men shall come forth from the dead, it mattereth not; for God knoweth all these things; and it sufficeth me to know that this is the case; that there is a time appointed that all shall rise from the dead.

"Now there must needs be a space betwixt the time of death and the time of the resurrection.

"And now I would inquire what becometh of the souls of men from this time of death to the time appointed for the resurrection?

"Now whether there is more than one time appointed for men to rise, it mat-

tereth not; for all do not die at once: and this mattereth not; all is as one day with God; and time only is measured unto men.

"Therefore there is a time appointed unto men, that they shall rise from the dead; and there is a space between the time of death and the resurrection. And now concerning this space of time. What becometh of the souls of men, is the thing which I have inquired diligently of the Lord to know; and this is the thing of which I do know.

"And when the time cometh when all shall rise, then shall they know that God knoweth all the times which are appointed unto men.

"Now concerning the state of the soul between death and the resurrection. Behold, it has been made known unto me, by an angel, that the spirits of all men, as soon as they are departed from this mortal body; yea the spirits of all men, whether they be good or evil, are taken home to that God who gave them life.

"And then shall it come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous, are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise; a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care, and sorrow, etc.

"And then shall it come to pass, that the spirits of the wicked, yea, who are evil; for behold, they have no part nor portion of the Spirit of the Lord; for behold, they chose evil works rather than good; therefore the spirit of the devil did enter into them, and take possession of their house; and these shall be cast out into outer darkness; there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; and this because of their own iniquity, being led captive by the will of the devil.

"Now this is the state of the souls of the wicked, yea in darkness, and a state of awful, fearful, looking for the fiery indignation of the wrath of God upon them; thus they remain in this state, as well as the righteous in paradise, until the time of their resurrection.

"Now there are some that have understood that this state of happiness, and this state of misery of the soul before the resurrection, was a first resurrection. Yea, I admit it may be termed a resurrection; the raising of the spirit or the soul, and their consignation to happiness or misery, according to the words which have been spoken.

"And behold, again it hath been spoken, that there is a first resurrection; a resurrection of all those who have been, or who are, or who shall be, down to the resurrection of Christ from the dead.

"Now we do not suppose that this first resurrection which is spoken of in this manner, can be the resurrection of the souls, and their consignation to happiness or misery. Ye cannot suppose that this is what it meaneth.

"Behold, I say unto you, Nay; but it meaneth the reuniting of the soul with the body of those from the days of Adam, down to the resurrection of Christ.

"Now whether the souls and the bodies of those of whom have been spoken, shall all be reunited at once, the wicked as well as the righteous, I do not say; let it suffice, that I say that they shall all come forth; or, in other words, their resurrection cometh to pass before the resurrection of those who die after the resurrection of Christ.

"Now my son, I do not say that their resurrection cometh at the resurrection of Christ; but behold, I give it as my opinion, that the souls and the bodies are reunited, of the righteous, at

the resurrection of Christ and His ascension into heaven." (*Book of Alma ch. xi.*)

It is proper here to notice that the prophet Alma, who wrote the above, lived about a century and a half before the Christian era, and therefore writes about the resurrection of the Savior as an event of the future; for this reason also he seeks to explain this to his son in the plainest terms possible, even meeting and correcting erroneous views that then existed or might be the results of an improper conception of what the language might imply, either from traditions or other causes. It seems that there must have been some such cause for the parent-prophet to take such particular pains in impressing upon the mind of his son that the resurrection did not merely consist in the spirit enjoying a life of happiness after the dissolution of the body by death, but that the body itself should be resurrected and reunited with the immortal spirit, to receive a reward or punishment according to the deeds done, while living in this mortal state, and that there were several degrees or orders, as well as certain times appointed for the resurrection of the dead, according to the justice of God and the worthiness of men living in various dispensations. He plainly holds forth the idea, based upon what he had learned from the angel of God, who had been sent to instruct him, that there would be more than one time when the dead would be resurrected, and that the just who had died before the coming of Christ in the flesh would be resurrected before those who were born and died after His resurrection; thus establishing a successive resurrection upon certain principles and conditions. *C. C. Christensen.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BOY THAT RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

JOHN BRENT was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions, were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Halloa, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, en? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendation," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you

recommend yourself." But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people's making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect would speak in your behalf! *Selected.*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

INFLUENCE OF LOCALITIES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RACE.

THE providence of the Almighty has been wonderfully exhibited in the settlement of the different colonies of Europeans in the country now known as the United States. The colonists who settled in New England seemed to be a peculiar selection of men and women, well suited to lay the foundation of religious liberty and to accomplish grand results in founding free institutions. It often occurred to me while laboring in the ministry in California and on the Pacific Coast, how different would the fate of this nation have been if the men who settled the rugged shores of New England had obtained their first foothold on the Pacific, in the region now known as the States of California, Oregon, and Washington. A different history would have been written, because the development of the people would

have been of another character. The qualities which have distinguished New England particularly would, to some extent at least, have been wanting.

There was great philosophy in the remark so frequently made by President Young concerning the Latter-day Saints' places of settlement. He was led to look upon the rugged and inhospitable valleys of Utah as the most suitable places for our settlement that could be found, because (1) we would have a country that would not tempt others to envy us the possession of and that they would not take steps to rob us of; and (2) he could foresee that a rugged, difficult country to live in would develop great qualities in the people. It has seemed, too, that this has been the way of Providence in regard to us. A colony of Latter-day Saints in 1851, attempted to settle in San Bernardino, California, one of the choicest spots on the continent, but they were not permitted to remain there. Circumstances were thrown around the people which seemed to compel them to abandon that fertile and delightful region and to retreat again to the rude valleys of the mountains. If that settlement had continued, it appeared plain that a difference would soon be perceptible in the characters of the generation born and bred there and that born and bred in the mountains. It would not require the energy in that region that is essential to prosperity in these mountain valleys.

Our settlements in Mexico are not of a character to enervate the people. So far in the history of those settlements, continuous toil has been necessary, and the energy of the people has been called out to the fullest extent to enable them to contend with and conquer the obstacles they have had to meet.

DIVERSITY OF PURSUITS NECESSARY TO
INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITY.

Returning again to New England, it is a remarkable fact that the Lord chose most of the leaders of His people from New England families. For a number of years after the Church was organized almost every prominent man in the Church was either of New England birth or of New England parentage. This is a very striking fact, and it would seem to be indicative of the purpose of the Almighty to make that element dominant in the Church. There is no doubt but that New England thoughts, New England training, New England methods have had more weight and greater influence with the Latter-day Saints than those of any other portion of the United States or the world. New England has set examples to the people of this Territory which, if remembered and acted upon, would be of great benefit to our society.

New England is a hard country for the agriculturist. It has required incessant toil to subdue the soil in the first place, and after its subjugation to make it capable of sustaining men; in fact, agriculture has never flourished to any extent in that region. We never hear of breadstuffs being exported from New England. Therefore New Englanders have had to turn their attention to other pursuits, and they have succeeded in them to a very wonderful extent. Today the New Englander is of all the world, as a recent writer says, the aptest man to discover in any situation some measure of advantage which might be turned to profitable account. He has learned the precious lesson that in every place there is something which if well done will pay for the doing. Probably in no part of the world are industries subdivided as they are in that part of

the Union. They are an active-minded people; and being compelled to look beyond the soil, they have had to turn their attention to other means of making a livelihood.

The writer gives an illustration of the keenness of the New England people in making use of every advantage possible to promote industries that will sustain them. Speaking of the culture of cranberries, he says:

"For a long time this fruit was gathered in its wild state, both in the old world and in the new, but it remained for the folk of Cape Cod to invent the complicated method of nurture of the vines which has made this form of tillage one of the important innovations of the century: one which has changed a very poor district into one of the most prosperous seats of crop production, making of worthless land a value which is exceeded only by some of the famous vineyards of Europe, and perhaps certain of the best orange groves of Florida. No other tillage devices of modern days are so original or so important as these, which have converted the peat bogs of the coast into hydraulically engineered fields that give an annual gross return of from two hundred to a thousand dollars per acre."

I was favored a few years ago with the opportunity of visiting Connecticut, by the pressing invitation of a friend with whom I had served some years in Congress. I had every facility extended to me for visiting all the manufacturing establishments of that region, and I was wonderfully impressed with the inventive genius of the people and with the perfection to which they had brought machinery of all kinds. It seemed almost as though they had imparted the faculty of thinking to some of their machines, so thoroughly did they do their work. It is

not too much to say that no people in the world have carried inventiveness to such an extent as have the New Englanders, and New England mechanics have spread their knowledge and their skill all over the land. In many respects our situation in this state and in the adjacent states is very similar to that of the people of New England. While we have been very successful, considering the condition of the country when we came here, in our agricultural pursuits, still we have many difficulties to contend with. We have to literally conquer our soil and redeem it. The presence of mineral is a great drawback in the most of the valleys. Early and late frosts also have a serious effect on all crops. In many of our valleys settlers can look to the earth for no more than a bare and hard-earned subsistence. This was also characteristic of New England. It will be necessary, therefore, in many places at least, if our people prosper, for them to turn their attention to other pursuits as well as agriculture. The necessities of the situation ought to bring out the inventive genius of the people—the inventiveness to devise new pursuits in life that will bring returns of a more profitable character than agriculture. It is a fact, stated by an observant writer, that where there are isolated settlements in New England, where they follow agriculture entirely, there is a great difference intellectually between them and their fellow citizens who live in parts where manufacturing and other pursuits are followed. We shall see this difference also in our state if we are not careful. In valleys where agriculture alone will be the pursuit of the people, there will not be that activity in intellectual matters, perhaps, that will be witnessed in other places where the people pursue a

variety of occupations and where their intellectual powers are brought into full play. It should be the aim, therefore, of every Bishop and every man of enterprise throughout all our settlements, to not sit contentedly down and live a humdrum life, but give the young men and the young women opportunities for exercising the powers with which the Lord has so abundantly endowed them in these mountains. It is not boasting to say that we have the elements in this state of a very great people. The Gospel has gathered from all the nations where it has been preached men and women of independent character and thought. The races that compose our community are the best, so far as we know, in the world; and those who have been converted to the truth have been, speaking of them as a whole and not as individuals, people of pure morals and of virtuous lives. From such a combination as we have in this country there should be a very superior race developed. So far as we have gone, the success of our young men who have gone East to colleges and universities proves this. They have taken the front rank in all the institutions of learning which they have attended. If we make use of the advantages that the Lord has given us in this country we shall not need to be ashamed of comparison with any other people within the confines of our own nation or of any other nation.

THE INCREASE OF HOMICIDES.

Judge I. C. Parker, who is on the bench as a Federal Judge in Arkansas, and who was formerly a member of Congress, has written an article for the *North American Review*, under the heading, "How to Arrest the Increase of Homicides in America." The paper is one that should engage attention, and is

a subject especially interesting to Latter-day Saints, because we watch that which is taking place in directions that are in fulfillment of prophecy. In the early days of the Church, when the people suffered from mobocracy and were driven from their homes by mobs, and their lives sacrificed and their property taken from them, predictions were made by the servants of the Lord to the effect that the nation would yet suffer terribly from mobocracy, and that the spirit which had been aroused and let loose against the Latter-day Saints would break out in other directions and be attended with fearful consequences to the people at large.

Everyone who is informed concerning the current events of the day must be impressed with the little value that is placed upon human life in many parts of the Union. Lynching is of frequent occurrence, jails are broken into, officers of the law are disarmed and overawed, and mobs take prisoners out of their custody and execute the death penalty upon them in various forms, sometimes with horrible savagery.

Judge Parker says that during the last six years there has been an average of 7,317 murders per year, or a total of 43,902, in the United States. In this same time there have been 723 legal executions, and 1,118 lynchings. By these startling figures he shows that crime is rapidly increasing instead of diminishing; for he says in the last year 10,500 persons were killed, or at the rate of 875 per month; whereas in 1890 there were only 4,290, or less than half as many as in 1895.

This bloody record shows a fearful increase of murder. The Judge asserts that the greatest evil of any civilized age is confronting us, not only in the shape of crimes committed by individ-

uals, but also of crimes committed by mobs who band themselves together for the purpose of executing vengeance upon criminals or supposed criminals. He considers the condition of the nation in regard to crime as most serious, and it is growing more so all the time. He intimates that to check the growth of crime there must be new vigor introduced into the courts and the law must be thoroughly enforced. He quotes from David Dudley Field, who says, "So far as I am aware, there is no other country calling itself civilized where it is so difficult to convict and punish the criminal, and where it takes so many years to get a final decision between man and man. Truly we may say that justice passes through the land on leaden sandals."

Judge Parker claims that the criminal law in its administration has fallen into disgrace, and quotes another judge as saying that "the law ought to be administered with intelligence and enlightenment; but it is not. The great effort seems to be to involve every investigation of crime in a network of subtleties, artificial distinctions and downright quibbles, shut out all the incriminating evidence possible, and then decide the case on some technicality."

Judge Parker seems to have a poor opinion of appellate courts. He says: "They are very often made of men wanting in knowledge of the most elementary principles of the criminal law; for they have never either studied or practiced it. With this want of knowledge of the very law they are seeking to administer they try the case, not on its merits, to determine the guilt or innocence of the man, but they try it by some technical rule which has really no relation to the guilt or innocence of the accused."

He claims that the obstruction in the enforcement of punishment for the crime of murder springs in part from the morbid, diseased public sentiment, which begets undue sympathy for the criminal and has none whatever for his murdered victim. It arises from corrupt verdicts, begotten by frauds and perjuries. It arises from the undue exercise of influence, either monetary, social or otherwise, so that juries are carried away from the line of duty. But he thinks that the conduct of appellate courts is the greatest cause of the increase of crime; for as a rule they make the most strenuous efforts to see not when they can confirm, but when they can reverse a case, thereby encouraging a legal practice that is altogether in the interest of the man of crime. Mob violence, Judge Parker says, can be largely attributed to the failure of the appellate courts to do their duty.

He advocates the placing in the platforms of the great national parties a plank in favor of the vigorous enforcement of the law, the suppression of crime, and the extinction of the mob, which he calls a disgrace to Christianity and civilization.

Concerning the present appellate court system, he would organize in the states and in the nation courts of criminal appeal, made up of judges learned in the criminal law and governed by a desire for its speedy and vigorous enforcement. He would brush aside all technicalities that did not affect the guilt or innocence of the accused. He would not permit these courts to act on a partial record or on any technical pleas concocted by cunning minds. The guilt or innocence of the party should be the guide in the trials. By adopting this system he appears to hope that crime in a large measure will de-

crease and mobs will be entirely destroyed.

It ought to be a cause of great pleasure to every citizen, every lover of his country, to see crime checked, especially the dreadful crime of murder. It must be apparent, however, to every reflecting person who has had any experience that these dreadful deeds are on the increase. The reading of the newspapers leaves this impression; but the statistics given by the writer of this article to which we refer are doubtless reliable, and they place it beyond question that there is an increase.

In this connection it may be interesting to record some predictions made by the Prophet Joseph, at a time when he was in Carthage, just previous to his martyrdom. Several officers of the militia, who were filled with the spirit of mobocracy, called upon him at the tavern, and as they gazed upon him with much curiosity he asked them if he appeared like a desperate character. They replied that his outward appearance seemed to indicate exactly the opposite, but they could not tell what was in his heart. To this Joseph responded:

"Very true, gentlemen, you cannot see what is in my heart, and you are therefore unable to judge me or my intentions: but I can see what is in your hearts, and will tell you what I see. I can see you thirst for blood, and nothing but my blood will satisfy you. It is not for crime of any description that I and my brethren are thus continually persecuted and harassed by our enemies, but there are other motives, and as you and the people thirst for blood, I prophesy, in the name of the Lord, that you shall witness scenes of blood and sorrow to your entire satisfaction. Your souls shall be perfectly satiated with

blood, and many of you who are now present shall have an opportunity to face the cannon's mouth from sources you think not of; and those people that desire this great evil upon me and my brethren shall be filled with regret and sorrow because of the scenes of desolation and distress that await them. They shall seek for peace, and shall not be able to find it. Gentlemen, you will find what I have told you to be true."

This prediction was wonderfully fulfilled during the late Civil War, for some of these very men were in that conflict and beheld the fulfillment of Joseph's prediction. The other predictions which he and other Elders have made concerning mobocracy and the situation of affairs that will exist in this nation sooner or later will also be fulfilled.

The Editor.

A TRUE CONVERT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 359.)

WHEN Jemima found they were determined to come in she concluded to make her escape. Hastily slipping on her shoes and skirt, and catching up Sister Council's shawl as she ran, she passed out of the back door just as the mob entered the front one. Away she went, down through the garden, which was enclosed with a mud wall, topped with a wire fence, over that, and on, on, not knowing whither, but realizing too well that she was followed and that it was a race for life. Her pursuers were gaining rapidly upon her, and it seemed she must sink from exhaustion. Her agony was unbearable, and she cried out, "O Lord, what shall I do?" It seemed as if someone whispered the reply, "Go right ahead." She obeyed the voice, and soon came to a bridge that spanned

the river. At each end of the bridge were two large lamps burning brightly. When she was safely over she glanced hurriedly back to see if she were still pursued, and to her amazement and unbounded joy saw the mob had given up the chase and were just entering a tavern. Then for the first time since leaving Brother Council's she paused to rest. With what great feeling and earnestness were these simple words uttered: "Lord, I thank Thee for my deliverance."

Going forward with slackened speed, she met a policeman and asked him for protection, saying a mob had caused her to leave her bed in that condition. He directed her to a tavern, and said she must state her case there. Entering she found herself in a bar-room, certainly not a very congenial place for one who was trying to be a Latter-day Saint. The landlady was very kind, and after hearing the details of Jemima's present circumstances, took her into her own bedroom and gave her what clothing she needed, and some dainty refreshments, which were eaten with a relish.

Brother Council had sent his two sons to Adelaide for the horse police, as soon as the mob had tried to force an entrance to his house. They were expected every minute, and the hired girl was set to watch their arrival. Jemima was not kept long in suspense, for they soon came, armed with guns and swords, and passed on to Brother Council's, but told her to remain where she was for the present. Before long Sister Council came and informed her that the fiend and two more of the mob had been arrested. The hearing was given in a few days, and all the arguments were decidedly in Jemima's favor when it chanced to leak out that she

was a Mormon. The case was immediately dismissed.

She sat transfixed with fear, for she knew she was now completely in the power of her enemies; there was no justice for her. There stood the fiend and his aids ready to drag her out, and she was too terrified to even think of trying to escape. At this moment her lawyer stepped forward and asked the court to wait a few moments while she went with him into an adjoining room to pay the lawyer's fee. The fee, which was five dollars, had been paid in advance; but Jemima and Sister Council gladly followed him. As soon as the door was closed he opened one on the opposite side of the room and pointing to a gate said, "Go quickly out of there, and make the best of your time." The injunction was heeded, and they did not stop until they were safely inside of Sister Council's house, where, with this good friend, Jemima remained for a time unmolested.

All this persecution was heaped upon her simply because she believed the first principles of the Gospel. She had never even seen a Book of Mormon or a Doctrine and Covenants.

She learned, during these dark days, to listen to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and received a testimony that the Lord would provide for her if she remained humble and prayerful. She was skillful with her needle, and an excellent nurse, so her services were always in good demand. The people among whom she lived had nearly all come to Australia for one object—gold. Money was indeed plentiful, and she had no difficulty in providing food and clothing, and was able, as well, to lay aside a snug little sum. Her prayers for strength to labor were answered in very deed.

One night she dreamed her mother was lying very sick in a bed just above her, looking wistfully at her daughter and trying to speak, but could not. On making a stronger effort, part of her face fell off. Jemima picked up the broken piece, replaced it, and was surprised to see it entirely made whole, not even a scar to show it had ever been broken. She felt greatly troubled over this dream, and when an opportunity came she related it to one of the Elders from Utah. He said that the dream meant that her mother was desirous for her to remain faithful, and that the time would come when she could perform a work her mother could not do for herself. He then taught her the glorious principle of baptism for the dead, and explained that it must be performed in a holy house dedicated to the Lord.

One day, while she was still staying at Sister Council's, the fiend came and inquired if Jemima was there. They told him to look and see. He searched every room in the house, all the time swearing he would kill her if he found her; but she had taken refuge under a bed and was passed by undiscovered.

Feeling now that it was unsafe to remain there any longer, she went the next morning to live with another family. She kept concealed as much as possible, and consequently found more difficulty in obtaining work. When it was absolutely necessary to go in town she would wear a thick veil and borrow a dress to make her disguise more complete.

One afternoon Sister Council called on Jemima and said that Mrs. Davis wished to see her about some needle-work. Mrs. Davis lived within a few yards of the fiend, and Jemima hesitated about going, but Sister Council assured her that he was not at home and all

would be well. Still the Spirit whispered, "You must not go." Not heeding its admonition, however, she yielded to Sister Council's persuasion, "because," thought she, "my friend is twenty-five years older than I am, and of course has more judgment."

When she arrived at Mrs. Davis' she was not at home, but the children said she would not be gone long. They concluded to wait, but were scarcely seated when in walked that determined villain, the fiend. Before they could recover from their surprise, he had dealt Jemima a blow that felled her to the floor, and then threw Sister Council heavily upon her. As soon as Sister Council could get up she started off to find help, the fiend in the meantime beating Jemima on the head and scratching her face until the blood flowed freely; then seizing her long hair, which in the tussle had become uncoiled and was hanging loosely about her shoulders, he dragged her to a table near the window, and placing her upon it, continued to beat her until she could not speak. Then he thrust her head through the window, breaking two panes of glass in so doing, which, by the way, she afterwards paid for, because it was her head that broke them. As the glass broke it cut terribly her poor head and face, which were already bruised and bleeding. Next he dragged her into his own house, saying he would finish her when once in there. Badly as she was suffering from the blows inflicted, she could understand that if the fiend got her in his bedroom he would keep his word. As he was about to enter the room, dragging her after him, she slipped her arm through the arm of a sofa that was near the door and clung so tightly that he could get her only part way in. When he found he could not loosen her hold on the

sofa, he commenced slamming the door, and each time it struck her face and chest with such force that she soon became entirely unconscious.

The next thing she realized she was half-pillowed up in Sister Council's bed, and a number of the sisters were anointing her with oil and praying to the Father in the name of His Beloved Son, to spare her life. She was unable to speak; her face and limbs were badly swollen, and her clothing was saturated with blood. When she had been carefully washed, and dressed in clean garments, she began to feel quite comfortable, and desired to know how she came there.

Sister Council explained that when she left Mrs. Davis' house she had hurried off for help, and soon collected quite a crowd; nearly all were women, but they hastened to the rescue, and while some were beating the fiend, others carried Jemima away.

Had she listened to the promptings of the still small voice all this suffering might have been spared her, yet the lesson was impressed indelibly upon her memory and served to help her from danger many times in after years.

When her wounds were healed and she was able to attend meetings a new but pleasing feature of our religion was taught her—the principle of gathering to Zion. Her whole being was filled with an inexpressible delight. Why had she not thought of it before? So plain and simple it could not be misunderstood. Yes, she would gather to Zion, where she would be free from persecution; more than that, she could live her religion better if surrounded by people whose one great aim in life was the establishing of truth in the earth.

Her resolution was easily formed, but many obstacles were to be surmounted

before she could carry it out. First of all, on account of having to hide so much she had obtained very little work, and had used the money previously laid aside. The fare across the ocean was \$130. "How can I ever earn such a sum?" was the question always uppermost in her mind. She needed clothing and many other things necessary for a long voyage across the Pacific, and the more she reflected the more hopeless she became. She grew almost desperate when the First Presidency of the Church sent word to come to Zion at once, and not to wait to get rich. If they did not come when the Lord opened the way they would find it more difficult when they really did desire to come.

Everything looked dark and gloomy, but she never ceased to pray that she might go to Utah and accordingly bent every energy to the effort.

Among others who were preparing to emigrate to Zion was a gentleman named William Marshall. His wife was sick, so he proffered to pay Jemima the money if she would work for them during the summer.

Feeling that this opportunity to earn something came directly in answer to her prayers, she thankfully accepted Brother Marshall's proposition and started immediately for his home, fifty miles from Iron Marsh. Part of the distance she traveled by stage and the remainder on foot. To avoid trouble, she took her mother's maiden name, Miss Garton.

The seasons in Australia are exactly the opposite from ours, so that she reached her destination in harvest time, although it was the month of February.

Brother Marshall boarded his hired men, and Jemima was kept quite busy cooking for them. They often gathered

the harvest in the night, for the scorching winds, which blew for six or eight days at a time, made it almost impossible to work during the day.

There was an organization of the Church, called the Nephite Branch, some seven miles from Brother Marshall's. Thither she walked every Sunday morning, attended three meetings, and then walked back again in the evening. Quite different from the way some of us, who were born and raised in Zion, spend our Sabbaths. She never complained of the distance, but cheerfully started off, wending her way through a dense forest. Stepping lightly over the narrow footpath, that looked like a thread as it wound along at the base of majestic trees, so tall she could scarcely see their tops, catching an occasional glimpse of the bright, blue sky, or a ray of sunshine as it darted between the huge branches, watching the beautiful birds as they fluttered amidst the foliage, she sang snatches of hymns learned from the Elders, nor deemed her walk at all unpleasant.

One lovely morning as she was trudging along on her way to church, she heard some one up in the trees laughing. Supposing herself to be the object of ridicule, she carefully scanned her clothing to see if that was the cause of so much merriment. Finding nothing amiss, however, she took courage to look up, and was surprised to see countless numbers of Jack-birds laughing and chattering away as if enjoying her discomfiture immensely. So she was obliged to let them have all the fun they wanted at her expense.

The harvest being garnered, Brother Marshall and family were soon ready to start for Utah. Jemima had labored incessantly to get the needed money, but found she still lacked thirty dollars,

which amount was generously made up to her by Brother Marshall. She was too independent to take so much as a free gift, and so engaged to help his family during the voyage and for a time after they should reach Zion. Accordingly she started in company with them. The first night they traveled as far as the Nephite Branch, and attended a meeting held there. It was a testimony meeting. The gift of tongues was exercised, and the interpretation given to the effect that if the company, then leaving Australia, were faithful and kept the commandments of God they should reach Zion in safety. Otherwise they would be scattered to the four winds. The prediction proved true. Soon after the ship sailed, discontent and discord reigned supreme, and the company were scattered so that only a very few of them ever reached this land.

But to go back to the meeting. Jemima had listened to all that had been said, and a fervent prayer went to the throne of grace that she might remain faithful. She had suffered so much, and worked so hard to get enough money that it seemed she never could be content to go anywhere on this great wide earth except to Utah.

When they reached Iron Marsh, Jemima stayed over night with her old friends, Brother and Sister Council. The next day, accompanied by them, they went on to Port Adelaide, passing within half a mile of two of her brothers' residences. Her heart yearned to bid them good-by, for she knew it would be the last time they would ever meet in this world; but the Elders counselled her not to go, and she was too loyal to disobey.

They reached the Port in safety, and took passage on a steamer bound for Melbourne, but for some reason it did

not sail for two days, and she kept hid up so her brother Samuel would not see her, as he came daily to the port for freight.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CAST ON THE WATERS.

"WHERE are you goin', Tod?"

"Over to Melby's."

"To help weed dandelions again?"

"Yes."

"What's the gardner goin' to give you for your job?"

"All the flowers I want to sell Decoration Day."

"Is that all?"

"I can make five dollars on them, I guess, and that's good wages for a week's work?"

"All the same, Joe would give a man most double for the same job, and pay him in cash, too."

"But I ain't a man, I'm only a boy. Besides, it ain't as if Joe needed me to do it; he's always done this himself before, he just gave me the work to help me out."

"Help you out?"

"I said one day I was going to try and earn money enough to put up a headstone at mother's grave, and——"

"Oh, shucks!"

"What!"

"Strikes me flowers is poor pay for all that diggin'."

"T'ain't hard at all. I'm in the shade most the time, and the grounds are so fine I like to be there anyway. Say! I bet I make as much money as you do Decoration Day, and not do a lick of work either."

"You'll have to work if you're going to sell flowers."

"Oh, it's easy enough to sell 'em."

"That's fun. I mean I shan't do any work to get 'em to sell."

"You mean you're goin' to beg 'em?"

"Not much. I had enough of that last year. Wasn't one house in a dozen us boys went to they'd give us a flower. Everybody wanted 'em for their own graves. I never saw such stinginess! We was all about dead tired walkin' around in the sun all day; you bet I don't try that again."

"How are you goin' to get any then?"

"Oh, me and Alf and Ed have got a scheme."

"What is it, Art?" Tod edged up to his cousin with deep interest in his face.

"I don't have to tell, see?"

"I guess you mean can't, instead of don't have to?"

"Bless your poor little pate! If you had an ounce of gumption you could guess."

"Well, I can't, unless you're going to steal."

"Guess again, sonny."

"I can't wait here any longer guessing. Anyway, you might tell me."

"Tod, my infant!"

"Well, what?"

"You're purty near as green as the grass you're goin' over there to weed. Better tell Joe to look out or he might take you for a tuft of dandelion and hoe you out of the lot. See? So long!"

A fairy bask of rose trees, great emerald blurs starred with jets of color, white, yellow, pink and red, flawless gems of roses: "La France," flaunting her glorious crimson exultingly before the paler hues of delicate tea and Jacominot; "Pearl of Persia" folding her blush-pin petals coyly into pretty shell-like buds big as peas, full-blown amber beauties shaded from creamy

white to deepest apricot hues, lighting the cool green spaces of lawn-like tiny suns and stars. What wonder that Tod drew in his breath with absolute delight as he walked among them in the early twilight, and drank in the beauty of form and color and fragrance.

To watch the gardner glide in among the bushes and presently see the shining blades of the shears show through green leaves, and some royal rose bow and fall at their sharp click at first gave Tod a sense of regret such as he had felt once when he had seen a tiny canary which was warbling happily on the topmost branch of the cottonwood tree in front of his home drop suddenly at the twang of Art's flipper. After all though, flowers couldn't really feel, at least in a sense of suffering, and Tod's half-sense of pain soon gave way to his supreme pride of possession. For they were his, all those splendid things that the gardner's scissors were reaping, a glorious harvest of roses, pinks, pansies, and what not! Those delicate blue blossoms enclosed in a dainty white film like thistle-down, were they not perfect in their way? And their name—"Love-in-a-mist"—as appropriate as it was pretty for the exquisite flower. Tod knew where these should go if only for the name they were called by. He could fancy how a wreath of them would crown and hide the plain little head-board at his mother's grave. A great basket-full of the choicest flowers there were when Joe, the gardner, finished his slow stroll among the flower-beds and bushes in the beautiful grounds surrounding his employer's mansion; and Tod looking at them pridefully, felt that his labor had been well rewarded.

"They've been well earned, Tod," Joe said, as Tod was making his thanks. "You should have something more be-

sides, my boy, if I hadn't eight mouths to feed and bodies to clothe out of my wages. I guess, though, you won't have any trouble in disposing of these tomorrow. There won't be any florist in town that can show finer specimens or variety, and they ought to bring you at least five dollars, and maybe more. Perhaps I can help you again some time 'fore you get that stone put up. You're a plucky little fellow to set out to do it, and you deserve to succeed. Good luck to you tomorrow, anyway, my boy."

It was nearly dark when Tod reached home. Passing the corner opposite he saw the bent form of old Mother Reede going about among her flower beds, taking a last look at the flowers that were to be a helpful merchandise tomorrow, the poor soul eking out a scanty living in summer-time by selling flowers to habitual and chance customers, who took as much pleasure in the quaint, sweet-natured old body herself as in her charming, old-fashioned garden.

Poor Mother Reede! Alone she watched and worked day after day among her flowers, the one thing now left her to care for and cherish, since the husband and children had been lost to her years since. Even these, too, brought her care, as they did comfort. Time and again did she wake mornings to find the beds trampled ruthlessly, the flowers torn up by the roots, and no recompense for her save to complain vainly of the wicked boys, who, under cover of night, had taken delight in wantonly destroying the fruits of her toil. None were ever able to trace those who had taken part in the despoiling, but Mother Reede pointed her finger at certain of the boys living in the neighborhood, charging them resolutely with the theft, while the fellows,

though showing certain signs of embarrassment, openly laughed at and defied her.

She had boldly accused Tod's cousin, Art, one time of being ring-leader of the "gang" that had pillaged her yard so often; but Tod, though he knew Art to belong to the set whom she accused, could not believe that his cousin could be so totally shameless as to stoop to such cruel sport, and had stood up for him manfully when Mother Reede spoke to him about it one day.

Mother Reede shook her head dubiously while he was talking.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, honey, for I know you're a different sort from the other boys round here. There ain't any trickery in them blue eyes of yours, I could stake my word. But, honey, there's more mischief goes on around you than you ever dream of. They don't let on to you 'cause they know you ain't the kind to join in with 'em in their mean tricks; but there's boys you go with every day, and some mighty near to you, that's jest as bad as the know how to be.

And they'll be found out some day, mark my words! Let 'em go on pesterin' a lonely old woman that's never done 'em no kind of harm, the Lord'll make it up to 'em some time, even if I don't live to see the day."

Tonight as Tod saw her moving around the poor little adobe house alone, taking a last look for the safety of her precious flowers, doubtless, before going to bed, he felt a thrill of compassionate pity.

He called out a cheery greeting to her, and as the bent figure turned towards him, her shrill old voice responded gratefully.

Tod would have liked to show her his treasures, for he knew how she would

appreciate the beautiful blooms stored in his basket; but it was too dark now to see them well, and he would wait till morning.

Reaching home, Tod found that Art had gone to spend the night with Alf Stone, who lived about half-way of the next block, a door or two beyond Mother Reed's and to tell truth he was not half sorry for some reasons. Art had an easy faculty of laying hold of the best of Tod's possessions and making it appear plain by argument that he was by right entitled to do so, and Tod did not regret the chance of escaping a like experience with his precious flowers.

He showed them to Aunt Kate, who, though usually undemonstrative, yet could not repress an exclamation of delight at sight of the exquisite things that filled the basket. The next morning, however, the selfish instincts were uppermost.

"There's enough there to set both you and Art up for tomorrow," she said calmly.

Tod's face fell. Naturally generous, he had in this case however, a just motive for wishing all that he might get for the flowers, and felt right in rebelling.

"I've been working hard for these, Aunt Kate," he said, "and I thought I'd like to try and sell 'em all myself.

It needs a lot of money for mother's grave-stone."

"Grave-stone! Of all Tom-fool-notions you've ever had, that's the worst yet. You'd better be savin' up for the livin', 'fore you waste anything on the dead."

"Aunt Kate!" Tod's blue eyes were swimming with tears, and the woman spoke in a gentler tone.

"There, for land sakes! I don't want to hurt your feelings. But as long as your ma's brother gives you a home and

is doin' all he can for you, 'Id try and help him if I had anything to save."

"Aunt Kate, when I'm big enough to earn something steady, I'm going to pay you and Uncle Henry back every cent you spend on me. But I only earn such a little now, and I thought it would make mother glad to know I remembered her."

"Well, well, if you want to save up for that all right; but I guess it's goin' to take longer than you think to do it. These flowers won't buy it, even if you do keep 'em all yourself. It's my opinion any way they'll all be spoilt before tomorrow. You ought to have picked 'em in the morning to have 'em fresh."

"It was so far to go for 'em in the morning, and I wanted to get up town early so's to be sure and have a chance to sell 'em. I thought I'd ^{try} put 'em down by the spring where they would keep cool and damp."

"Well, you ^{can} try it, but I'm 'fraid you'll find 'em wilted by mornin'."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WE usually lose the today, because there has been a yesterday, and tomorrow is coming.

THE child who desires education will be bettered by it; the child who dislikes it, only disgraced.

WE take a pleasure in being severe upon others, but cannot endure to hear of our own faults.

CHEERFULNESS is the best promoter of health, and is as friendly to the mind as to the body.

TO UNDERSTAND one thing well is better than understanding many things by halves.

Our Little Folks.

LETTER TO THE PRIMARIES.

ST. GEORGE, WASHINGTON CO.,
UTAH, June 15, 1896.

DEAR CHILDREN: Think of being three hundred miles from home. That will seem like a long way to some of you. It seems quite a distance to me, when I think of my own home and children in Salt Lake City.

It was on the fourth of this month that I left home, with Sisters Mary Freeze and C. R. Wells, to visit the Primaries down here, and at some of the settlements between Salt Lake and St. George.

At Parowan, Summit and Cedar the children met with, and sung and recited for us, and listened to us so attentively that we felt well paid for the journey we had taken to see them. Every one seemed so willing to do what the Primary officers requested, and everything was done so well, we enjoyed all the meetings very much; and we felt all the time, whether we were in meeting or not, that everyone was so kind to us; we found with all whom we met the spirit of love and charity, shown in words and actions.

There may be some boys and girls in the Parowan Stake who are not always good and obedient to their parents and teachers; but we did not see them. And we asked those whom we did see to act as missionaries to those who might not be so good, and try to get them all to go to Primary meeting and to Sunday school.

The day we came to Parowan we passed through an open place in a mountain, called "The Gap." Bishop Adams of Parowan, with whom we were

riding, stopped his team and let us get out of the carriage and look at some curious characters, called hieroglyphics, on the rocks. We were much interested in the figures, or writing, which must have been cut on those rocks a very long time ago. Some of the figures seem to represent men, others look like animals, snakes, walls, suns, balls, chess-boards, and many other shapes. You can find characters which look very much like some we saw on the rocks, in the Book of Abraham, Pearl of Great Price. I know two little Primary boys who like to look at the plates in that book, and get some older person to tell them what the characters mean. You can do the same if you wish.

The day we came to St. George we rode with Brother Brigham Jarvis. I want to tell you about Brother Jarvis' team. He said they belonged to the "Primary Department," and that was their first trip away from home. They were colts, five years old this month, had never been turned out, but raised right at home. We agreed that colts, like children, do better if they are kept at home instead of being allowed to run just as they please, until they are wanted to go to work. Those colts went along as steady as old horses, or more steady than some of the old horses do. Their names are Don and Duke; one is a dark and the other a light brown.

We have had a real nice Primary Conference here. The children have great faith in the gift of healing. One little boy, who was quite sick the day before Conference, through faith and the blessings of the Lord, was enabled to go to meeting and take part in the program. There are very bright and beautiful children here, the same as we

find in all the Stakes of Zion, and kind and earnest sisters at work with them.

The Indians who live here are a great help to our people; the Indian women do the washing and scrubbing for their white neighbors. They are strong and work well. Some of them seem very attentive to the meetings. The Temple here, though not so large and grand as the one at Salt Lake, is filled with the same happy, restful spirit. God bless our children everywhere.

— Your loving friend,

Lula.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 375.)

WHILE Robbie was learning a trade he spent a great part of his spare time during the evenings studying. For some time also he attended an evening school. In this way he made rapid progress at his trade, and in five years he was able to take charge of his master's business, and was appointed foreman over the other workmen.

During this time he attended faithfully to his Church duties. He was ordained a Deacon when twelve years of age. The duties of this office he performed regularly for four years, when he was ordained a Priest.

As a Sunday school pupil, he was always punctual in attendance, and in ten years missed only one session of school, and was tardy but once during that time.

Robbie had a good memory. By careful reading he cultivated this faculty until it was no difficult task to learn a chapter from the Bible. It was customary with the teachers in the Sunday school he attended to have pupils commit verses of scripture to memory. For a certain number of verses thus learned

they were given a small ticket. One week Robbie and three of his classmates made up their minds to learn an extra number of verses. The teacher had spoken to them about their lack of interest in learning verses, so they thought to surprise him for once.

When the class exercises began the next Sunday the teacher asked how many members of the class had verses to repeat. Four of the boys raised their hands. It was Robbie's turn to begin. The teacher held the book and listened while he repeated six chapters which he had learned during the past week. When he finished, the teacher asked him if he could not repeat the remainder of the Bible. The other three boys recited several chapters each, and when the teacher reckoned them all up he found they were entitled to four hundred and sixty tickets.

When he applied to the superintendent for tickets the latter was astonished. He could not believe the teacher had reckoned correctly. After being convinced there was no mistake he took out of his desk the pasteboard box of tickets and reward cards and began to count out the required number of tickets, but there were not enough on hand to meet the requirement, so the boys had to wait until more could be bought.

Robbie was an active member of the Mutual Improvement Association. For several years he was an officer in the Association of the ward in which he lived. First he acted as assistant-secretary, then as secretary, and later became the president.

During all the years he worked for wages until he was twenty-two years of age he gave all the money he received to his mother. She was a very careful woman and saved considerable each

year, and taught Robbie habits of thrift and economy.

We shall not take time here to tell of Robbie as a lover, but simply mention that at the age of twenty two he was married, and about one year later he was called upon a mission to England, his native country. He was well able to go, as he had a home of his own adjoining that of his mother, and had considerable means which had been saved, so that his wife and mother would not likely be in want during his absence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

A Case of Healing.

I AM a reader of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I have read many interesting stories of the sick being healed by the power of the Priesthood and answers to prayers of the children of the Saints. I thought I would also relate an instance of healing that took place in Oakland, through the fasting and prayer of the Primary Association.

Elva, the daughter of Brother and Sister Allred, was taken down with a nervous disease while on a visit away from home. Her parents say it seemed as though they were impressed that as soon as they came home she would get better.

As soon as the president of the Primary and one of her counselors heard of it, they were impressed to go and see her. It was there and then proposed that the Primary hold a fast for her. They fasted all day and came to meeting, and some of the parents fasted also. We all knelt and prayed for Elva Allred.

She commenced getting better right away. In about six weeks she was well. At the time she could not use her right hand or leg, nor could she talk well. She is now healed and feels to thank her Heavenly Father for the same.

Pearl Gallup. Age 12 years.

OAKLAND, UTAH CO.

The Robin's Nest.

I LIVE in a beautiful canyon on a farm, and our house is surrounded with shade trees, while a clear stream of water runs by the door. I was sitting on the porch one day when a robin flew to a limb of a tree, and began to make its nest. I watched it each day until it had made its nest. It took the bird two or three days steady working too complete its nest. It began by getting dry grass and followed with wet leaves which made it firm. Then it would get feathers and horse hair to make it soft, after which it would stay around the tree until the nest was dry.

In a few days it laid one egg, and I watched its nest until it had laid five eggs. She sat upon them until she hatched five little birds. While the female bird would leave the nest to get something to eat, the male bird would sit on the eggs to keep them warm.

When the little birds came the parents would take turn about carrying food to them until they were about four weeks old, when the little birds were able to fly, though they stayed around our yard all summer.

Isabella Morrison. Age 13.

WHAT we do not understand we have no business to judge.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF GOD.

MUSIC BY J. H. HOOD.

Moderato.

1. Dear children, two paths are be-fore you, The one called the straight, narrow way, That
 2. The other's the broad road, dear children, And beauti-ful oft-en it seems, En-
 3. Which road will you travel, dear children—The one that is narrow and steep Will

Jesus invites you to trav-el, And grieves when you're tempted to stray; Some
 chanting almost in ap-pear-ance, As lov-li-est van-ish-ing dreams; But
 lead you to regions ce-lest-ial, Where none ev-er en-ter to weep, Or

times you will meet dis-appointments, While walking where Jesus has trod, Re-
 those who will fol-low the broad road, Who think but of pleasures to-day, Se-
 yield to temp-ta-tion, and fol-low the broad way that leads to de-spair? O,

REFRAIN.

member each step you are near-ing The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
 cure them no treasures in heaven—Amusements will soon pass a-way. Nearing,
 shun it, dear children, And [Je-sus will lead you to mansions so fair.

nearing the beautiful cit-y of God, Nearing, nearing the beautiful cit-y of God.

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that anywhere else. Our price is \$2.50. At the figure
we paid for these goods, we can afford to sell them at
that, but we can't always expect to get such a snap.

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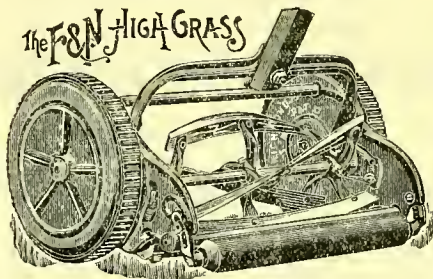
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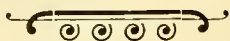
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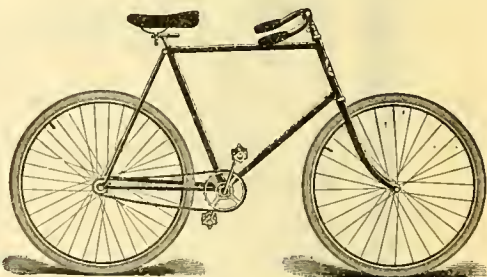
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